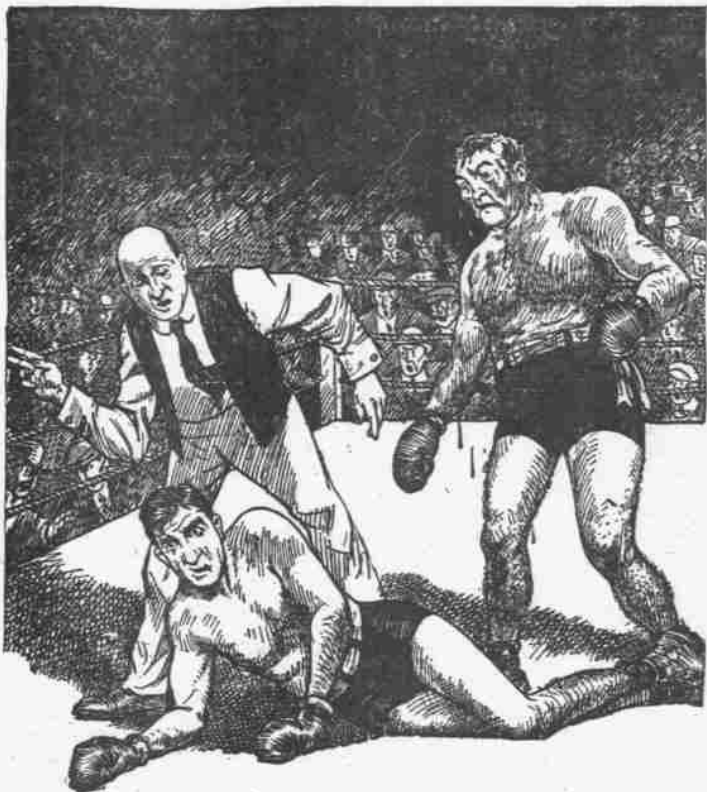


Jeffries into a fury, so that Jeffries was blind with rage, threatening to whip his own seconds.

The gong rang. The huge crowd was roaring and howling with excitement. Like a panther Corbett sprang to the center of the ring and met the

In Corbett's corner his seconds and backers were screaming at him to keep away. But it was in vain. Corbett was mad with excitement, frenzied with the desire to knock out the hulk of a giant he had worn down by his blows.



bull-like rush of Jeffries squarely. With a bellow Jeffries swung, and to the amazement of the crowd Corbett met him at his own game and actually drove the giant back. Again Jeffries charged, and Corbett met him again, and fought him into a clinch.

Two minutes of fierce fighting, two desperate encounters, broken by two short clinches, and they rushed together for the third time. Corbett met him, gave ground after a brief clash—and suddenly from nowhere Jeffries drove his left, a short arm jab